THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE DECLAIMER: NO. I.

"To me more dear, more grateful to my heart,
"One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

The humanity, benevolence, and endearments of refined ſociety, appear to be the darling themes of the generality of modern writers. The brutal character of the ſavages of the weſtern wild, is drawn in ſuch glowing colours, that we are apt to aſſociate with the idea of an Indian, all that is fierce and cruel in human nature.

The age of Gothic barbarity is preſented to view in more than all its horrors: we are taught to conſider the men of that period as deſtitute of every thing like humanity; who had no pleaſure but in gratifying the baſeſt deſires; and no ambition, but to plunder. The picture is then reverſed, the golden days of LEO, and the enlightened 18th century, are made the ſubject of the moſt immoderate panegyric; and language is exhauſted in praiſing the age that has poliſhed our manners, and brought us to our preſent ſtate of perfection. Civilization, cries the youthful declaimer, is the ſoil were every virtue flouriſhes. One would imagine from this view of the ſubject, that a little more improvement, and the millenium will arrive. But this flattering view of ſociety, is by no mean, a fair one; and for my own part, I ſuſpect, that the boaſted bleſſings of refinement, exiſt in imagination only. What has it added to our humanity? If the bloody ſcenes that chequered the reign of Robeſpierre, during a revolution that occurred in the moſt poliſhed nation of Europe, can find a parallel in enormity; ſurely they cannot be much exceeded by any thing we have heard of in the moſt unlettered nations. If our indignation be raiſed to the higheſt pitch at the wanton cruelty of the barbarians, it cannot be leſſened when we look at the horrid butchery of the Hugonauts, and other ſeceders from the Catholic church:—the enlightened monſters of that period, made every refinement on cruelty. Ingenuity was beggared in inventing varieties of murder; every poſſible mode of torture, that could lengthen and add horror and deſpair to the ſufferings of the wretched victim in the laſt awful moments of expiration. But enough, hiſtory will always determine the queſtion, and we need only reſort to it, to be convinced, if we ever could doubt; that the poliſhed moderns—nations moſt elevated in the ſcale of reaſon, never have been out-done in cruelty.

That our happineſs encreaſes with our knowledge, is another favourite opinion, and much inſiſted on; in ſimple language that the unlettered ruſtic though his life may diſcover the pureſt morality—though rearing an amiable family, and bleſt with every domeſtic comfort, can have no ſuch exquiſite enjoyments; no ſuch exalted delights, as him who leaves the comforts of his home, to roam like Swammerdam through fens and ditches, in ſearch of undiſcovered inſects:—to waſte hours like St. *Pierre*, in imagining the nations that *moſt probably* inhabit the edge of a ſtrawberry leaf, or gaze with profound attention upon the blood as it circulates through a *tadpoles-tail.*

Theſe wonderful geniuſes to be ſure, receive the plaudits of fame, for waſting life in reſearches that never can benefit mankind; perhaps they may feel a pleaſure, the ignorant have no conception of:

"————— but who infers from hence,
"That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe."
POPE.

If the happineſs of a nation be aſcertained by the comfortable ſituation of the different members of the community; by that happy competence that ought ever to be the reward of induſtry; the condition of the famiſhing millions of poliſhed Europe, is no argument in favour of their boaſted knowledge:—what grand advantage has it produced them? given birth to ſome noble inventions, and given alſo the cruel, ingenuity to uſe them to the benefit of the few, and the miſery of the many: for let it be remembered, that while their manufactories are in the higheſt perfection, the miſerable creatures that labour in them, are in the loweſt grade of poverty.

If a ſtate of ſociety, the moſt refined, were the happieſt and beſt, one would ſuppoſe it would be the moſt laſting, ſince all would endeavour to preſerve a bleſſing ſo confeſſedly great. Yet Rome in the zenith of her glory, was on the very verge of deſtruction. Refinement is too near to luxury;—mediocrity either in wealth or knowledge, is the happieſt and ſafeſt ſtation; and it would be fortunate, indeed, were we willing to ſtop there, individually, or nationally.

"There was a time, ere England's griefs began,
"When every rood of ground maintain'd its man.
But now——"the man of wealth and pride
"Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſuppli'd."

If learning made men, generally, truly noble like Waſhington, its bleſſed influence on ſociety would not be queſtioned; but it as often produces a ſcoundrel, as a gentleman; a ſceptic, as a ſage.

But the refinement of our manners, none certainly but muſt admire the poliſh ſociety has obtained in theſe latter ages. If it be underſtood that the higheſt circles are the moſt poliſhed, and the concluſion appears rational, ſince they poſſeſs the moſt means to obtain it, I ſhould rather deteſt, than admire it: if to overleap the barriers of chaſtity with ſhameleſs indifference, with the moſt wanton profligacy, to ſtake thouſands on the caſt of a die:—to drown all reflection, and forget all moral obligation in the roar of the carouſal; to be too high to heed the humble precepts of the goſpel; or join the devotions at the temple:—if this be refinement, then we are poliſhed indeed.

Perhaps it may be objected, that this view of ſociety, is a very partial one; but I am far from thinking ſo; the conduct of the gentry of Europe, will prove the picture to be true; and a little obſervation has convinced me, that the middle circles of life are the happieſt and beſt: that men in the humble walks of ſociety, with a moderate ſhare of information, are generally the moſt virtuous, religious, and beſt members of ſociety.

D.

For the Evening Fire-side.

By giving the following a place in your useful miscellany, you will oblige an attentive reader.

A.

ATHEISM EXPOSED.

A POEM ON PSALMS XIV. AND XXXIX.

Fond Atheist, could a giddy dance
Of Atoms, lawless hurl'd;
Produce so regular, so fair,
So harmonia'd a world?

Why does not Arab's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
A palace here the child of chance,
Or there a temple form?

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey;
That lesser fabrick scan;
Tell me from whence the immortal dust—
The God!—the reptile man!

Where wast thou when the embryo earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the birth,
And hail'd the new born-day!

What fingers brac'd the tender nerves;
The wond'rous fibres spin?
Who cloth'd in flesh the harden'd bones,
And wove the silken skin?

How chanc'd the head, or tender heart,
Life's more immediate throne,
(Where fatal ev'ry touch) to dwell,
Immail'd in solid bone?

Who taught the liver to digest,
The silver flood of chyle?
Or in the jaundic'd gall confin'd,
The saffron-surfac'd bile?

Who taught the wandering tide of blood
To leave the vital urn;
Visit each limb in purple stream,
And faithfully return?

How delicate the winding ear,
To image every sound;
The eye to catch the pleasing view,
And tell the scenes around?

How know the nerves to hear the will,
The hinged limbs to wield?
The tongue ten thousand tastes discern,
Ten thousand accents yield?

How know the lungs to heave and pant?—
Who taught the fringed lid
To guard the frightful eye, and brush
The solid ball, umbid?

Who bids the babe, new launch'd in life,
The milky draught arrest?
And with its eager fingers press
The nectar-streaming breast?

Who with a love too big for words
The mother's bosom warms;
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A GOD! a GOD! creation shouts;
A GOD! each insect cries;
He moulded in his palm—the earth,
And hung it in the skies!

Let us make man, (a voice divine)
And stamp a god on clay;
To govern Nature's humbler births,
And bear an earthly sway.

He said—with strength and beauty clad,
Young health in every vein;
With thoughts enthron'd upon his brow;
Walk'd forth majestic man!

Around he turns his wandering eyes,
All Nature's works surveys;
Admires himself—the earth—the skies,
And tries his tongue in praise;

Ye hills and dales, ye meads and woods,
Bright Sun and glittering stream;
Fair creatures tell me, if you can,
From whence, or what I am.

By whom ye crop the flowery field,
Or through the forest stray;
By whom I feel unknown delights,
And drink the golden day.

What parent power, all great, all good,
Do these around me own?—
Tell me, fair creatures, tell me how
To adore the Great Unknown.

For the Evening Fire-side.

"Trahit sua quemque voluptas." *Virgil.*
Every man has his hobby horse.

It is amusing to observe the great variety of favourite pursuits with which mankind are carried away, and how much each despises those of his fellow citizen who may think differently from himself. It is my lot to be situated in a retired part of the country, where the people are generally uninfluenced by those buttling passions and ambitious pursuits, which predominate in the breasts of those who reside in seaport towns, where wealth, fame, and science, hold forth their temptations to the young and aspiring. Yet even here we may perceive a favourite object in the view of every man, on which his mind delights to dwell; and he wonders that his neighbours are not equally interested in it with himself. If he is heard with inattention, or listened to with impatience while dilating on his darling theme, he condemns his audience as ignorant of true pleasure, and despises their want of taste. I will not deny that I have my hobby-horse as well as my neighbours; but having discovered that when mounted, he runs in a different direction from the hobbies of those whom situation have rendered my companions. I find it necessary to leave my steed behind, when I attempt to bear them company in their excursions.—Hence I am generally at leisure to contemplate the whimsies of those around me more dispassionately, as I am in no danger of running foul of them in their way.—When I meet with an acquaintance who is itching for a *hobby-horsical* adventure, sooner than he should be disappointed, I am frequently so friendly as to get on behind, and gratify him with my attention, at least. In this way I partake of many a devious ramble, in order to accommodate the good people. My old neighbour PERCENTUM often engages my attendance while he paces through all the various methods of economising, so as to get a large sum out at interest; and tells me how he began the world on a mere nothing, and now has a number of farms mortgaged to him, which will one day be his own. Farmer QUIDNUNC forsakes his fence before it is half put up, to go and enquire what news from the continent of Europe, and whether it was ten or twenty thousand prisoners, which were taken in the last engagement. He thinks the man can have no curiosity at all, who pays attention to the concerns of his own country, while there is such marvellous news coming from abroad. The *Sportsman* is astonished that *men of sense* can care any thing about the concerns of Europe—he did not know that any thing had been the matter there for his part; but he heard that the fox which was started some miles above had been seen to pass by QUIDNUNC's house—he should be glad to know which way he went, as that would be the tenth reynard, should he catch it, which he had nab'd this season. Endless are the varieties in the hobbies of men; and it is probably best for us, that we are most pleased with our own; otherwise we might fall into the practice of bartering until we became downright *jockies*. Yet I think it would contribute more to the social happiness of the community, if each man were to curb his own, so as to prevent him from running down those of his neighbors, or from running away with himself.

RURICOLA.

March 20th, 1806.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Qui est ce qui ose l' acceper?

I think by Hudibras 'tis said,
That he who has a witless head,
Or has not much good sense to boast of,
His scanty share should make the *most of*—
And only bring it into view,
"As folks their best apparel do,"
Lest always hacking it about,
Continual usage wear it out.

Now as these sage remarks I thought on,
A deal of diffidence it brought on,
And soon induced a strong suspicion,
They might embrace my own condition.
So, without further hesitation,
I made a strict examination,
Of every cranny in my brain,
To see what stuff it might contain,—
But after every nook ransacking,
I found I was in nothing lacking,
Except in manly confidence,
In my own talents and good sense.
But trust me I shall feel no more,
The diffidence I felt before;
For this strict self-investigation,
Has shown me my own reputation;
My worth before I underrated;
I'm now quite *self-opinionated.*
Of native genius most surprising,
Which nature has bestow'd can I sing.

I've an unfailing fund of knowledge;
My judgment's sound, my wit is all edge,
And different far from what in common,
Is held by other sons of woman,
The oftener I deal it out,
It still becomes the more acute;
Extensive reading much enhances,
My intellectual finances,
And to what *nature* gave before,
It adds a deal of *borrow'd* lore;
My innate humour is unbounded,
And every bard would be astounded,
To find what pow'rs to me belong,
In wielding the "*satyric thong.*"
I ken *right well* each *fragile* part,
At which to hurl the schorching dart,
And have the *exercise* so *pat* all,
I'll challenge any bard to battle:
And will with confidence engage,
To parry off his utmost rage;
To make the ablest critic yield,
And fly from the contested field.

Thus much premis'd, I've now to add,
If I perform not what I've said;
No more the letter'd war I'll wage,
With poets on the hostile page:
Chagrin'd, abash'd "I'll brak my whistle,"
And then no more from

CALEB THISTLE.

March 19th.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-Side.

"Ecce Somniator venit?"

It seems that "one of those old fashioned beings" who cannot discriminate between rational enquiry and "philosophistical" reverie, has undertaken to explode the established doctrine of the day with respect to the operations of the mind. To see *him* attempting this task would certainly have tried my "power of face" as much as the serious relation of the prognosticating projections of a disturbed brain, had he not assumed an *evangelic* garb, which requires a corresponding gravity on the part of those who may see proper to approach him with argument. As he says nothing, however, which in any manner disproves the doctrine laid down in my former number, I do not know that I need adduce *arguments* to confirm it. They would be thrown away on persons who have chained their reason; and to those who have enquired into the operations of the mind, they would be superfluous. A few detached and general observations shall constitute my reply to the essay of EVANGELICUS. In that essay the supposed refutation of the opinions which I have advanced, consists in quotations from the New Testament respecting the vision of Peter; and although EVANGELICUS appears to think it would suit me better to "deny the truth of the narration altogether," yet, with his permission, I shall follow my own judgment on the occasion. The phenomena of the present day bear no analogy to the miraculous occurrences related in the scriptures; and they are unfairly quoted (to say no worse) by those who attempt to render their own silly conceits valid by adducing scripture passages to confirm them. What should we say to the dozing tippler whose distempered brain is tortured by a fantastic crew of heterogeneous ideas, were he to assert that his dreams were divine premonitions of impending events? Would EVANGELICUS believe the assertion? The very *nature* of men's dreams might convince us that they are nothing but a revival of ideas in sleep, which had once existed in the waking state. The *Farmer* dreams that his cattle are in mischief, or his horses running away with his waggon. The *Merchant's* sleep is disturbed with visions respecting his shipments, or the troubles of the bank, &c. Every man's dreams are a compound of ideas, peculiar to his situation in life. When did the plodding disciple of the day-book and ledger ever *dream* of subjects pertaining to scientific research? Did such ideas ever constitute the dreams of EVANGELICUS? A moment's reflection will convince any thinking person of the truth of the position, that we have no ideas, sleeping nor waking, which were not acquired through the medium of the senses. It is true, the *idea* which EVANGELICUS has adopted, that MILTON, in the passage I quoted, is of *his* opinion on this matter, comes the nearest to overthrowing the doctrine; yet it must be observed, I was speaking of senses which conveyed *correct* perceptions to the sensorium. If the miraculous events related in sacred writ are to be considered as proofs that they do occur in our day, it is what I had not yet been taught. Learned divines have said that the occurrence of miracles has ceased: but EVANGELICUS teaches different doctrine. It is possible he may believe in the existence of *witchcraft* at this day, since we learn that such an art existed formerly. If he do, I should be glad to know it before we proceed any farther with our discussion; as in that case I should consider myself very incompetent to cope with him in argument, and of course retreat from your *fire-side* in order to avoid the contest.

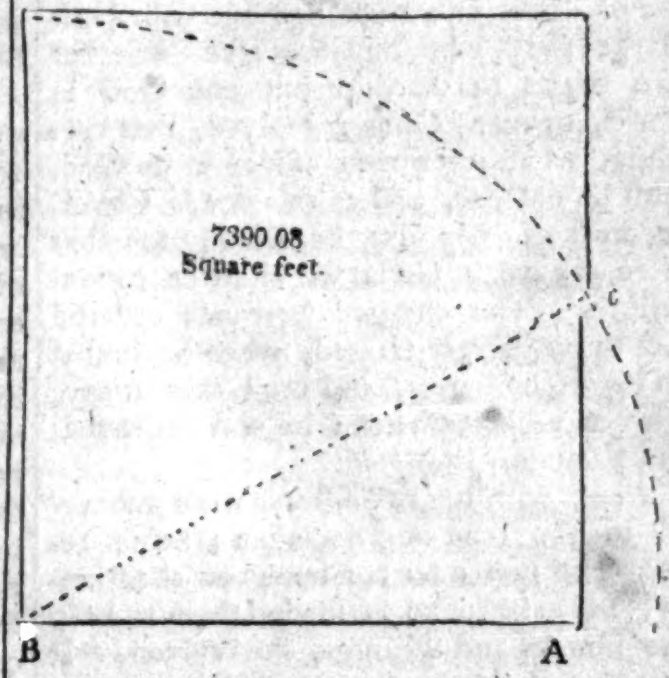
A DREAMER.

March 12th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO OBADIAH GUNTER.

The contents of your "oblong meadow,"
In which your horse you us'd to *tether*,
According to your "data shown,"
By algebra is thus made known;



Make A $c = a$, and consequently B c must $= 2a$: then according to a rule in trigonometry, which says "The sum of the squares of the two legs of any plain triangle, is equal to the square of the hypothenuse," we have this equation:

$1 - aa$	1	$4aa = aa + 6400$
$2 \div 3$	2	$3aa = 6400$
$3ac^2$	3	$aa = 2133\frac{1}{3}$
	4	$a = 46.188 +$

2

92.376 = to the length of the side AD.
80 = to the length of the side AB.

7390.080 = to the content in square feet.

M.

Algebra-Alley, March 24th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ON CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Probus, relinquiſhed a conſiderable fortune to become a ſoldier for Chriſt. After being ſeverely handled to induce him to pay divine honours to the heathen Gods, he was caſt to wild beaſts (with two other companions,) which refuſed to touch them.

Andronicus, who was one of theſe, after being previously cruelly wounded and bruiſed, was in a ſhort time marvellouſly healed. The priſon-keeper being accuſed of admitting to his relief ſome ſkilful phyſician, denied the charge, the truth of which denial Andronicus confirmed by ſaying, "That God whom he ſerved was the moſt powerful phyſician, and the plant of grace the moſt ſalutary of vegetables."

Their expoſure to the fierceſt animals being ineffectual, they were ſlain with the ſword, A. D. 303.

Romanus, deacon at Ceſaria, after being ſeverely ſcourged, offered to leave the deciſion of the cauſe to a young child; when one of about 7 years of age was called out of the croud, who, on being aſked whether men ought to worſhip but one God in Chriſt, or many Gods? replyed, that certainly, whatſoever men affirm to be God, muſt be but one, and as this one is Chriſt, he muſt of neceſſity be God; for that there are many Gods we children cannot believe. The enraged heathens ordered him to be ſeverely treated, when he ſmiled on his executioners, and bore their ſtripes with man-like patience; he was beheaded, and Romanus ſtrangled.

Irene, with her two ſiſters, were martyred in the time of Diocleſian; being required to ſurrender her books on chriſtianity, and asked who perſuaded them to keep thoſe books and writings, ſhe replyed, "It was that God who commanded him to love him to the laſt; for which reaſon ſhe was reſolved to ſubmit to be burned alive rather than give them up into the hands of his profeſſed enemies."

Anaſtaſia was deſcended of an illuſtrious Roman family; her mother Flavia had her educated in the chriſtian religion, but her father marrying her to a Pagan, and an immoral man, he had the baſeneſs to inform againſt her, by which ſhe was impriſoned, and releaſed after his death; but continuing to perform many charitable actions to diſtreſſed chriſtians, ſhe was again apprehended and burnt, A. D. 304.

Sabinus, biſhop of Aſſiſium, refuſing to ſacrifice to Jupiter, and puſhing the idol from him, had his hands cut off by the order of the Governor of Tuſcany. After patiently ſuffering this barbarity, he was committed to priſon, where he remained a conſiderable time without any aſſiſtance or relief but what he received from a chriſtian widow, whoſe blind grandſon had been by him reſtored to ſight.

The governor, who was himſelf afflicted with ſore eyes, on hearing this intelligence, revolved its ſingularity in his mind, and began to conſider the behaviour of the chriſtians, and the tenets of chriſtianity, in a more candid light than he had hitherto done. Sending for Sabinus, he threw himſelf at his feet, intreating him to afford aſſiſtance both to his outward and inward ailments. The fervency with which he ſpoke convinced Sabinus of his ſincerity. He became a chriſtian, his diſorder ſoon diſappeared, and the converſion of his family ſoon following, they were all beheaded by the tyrant Maximian.

Ædeſius was martyred for his teſtimony againſt idols.

Julitta, a Lyconian of royal deſcent, but more celebrated for her virtues than noble blood, was a woman of great humility.—Acknowledging herſelf a chriſtian, ſhe was put to the rack and tortured with great ſeverity: young Cyracus cried bitterly to get to his mother; when the governor obſerving the beauty, and being melted at the tears of his child, took him upon his knee, and endeavoured to pacify him, but in vain; at length, in imitation of his mother, he liſped out, "I am a chriſtian." The governor's compaſſion was converted into rage, he loſt the man in the bigot, and throwing the child furiouſly againſt the pavement, daſhed out its brains. The mother beheld it with reſignation, in the reflection he would not ſurvive her and be corrupted in his principles; and after renewed tortures ſhe was beheaded.

Lucian, a learned and eloquent Syrian, devoted a great part of his fortune to charitable uſes; but at length, after being impriſoned as a chriſtian for 9 years, ſuffered a cruel death.

Agnes, a virgin of only thirteen years of age, was beheaded for being a chriſtian.

Baſil, in the time of Julian the apoſtate, nephew to Conſtantine the great, became noted for his bold teſtimony againſt Paganiſm on the one hand, and the errors of Arianiſm on the other: earneſtly exhorting the people to ſerve Chriſt, in the purity of faith and fervency of truth. For which he ſuffered a cruel death.

Euſebius, Biſhop of Somaſata, makes a diſtinguiſhed figure in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, and was one of the moſt eminent champions of Chriſt againſt the Arian hereſy. After ſuffering perſecution and baniſhment for his religion, with others, he was reſtored to his ſtation by a decree of the emperors in favour of the chriſtians, in order to obtain their prayers for ſucceſs in war, but did not long continue therein, for an Arian woman threw a tile at him from the top of a houſe, which fractured his ſkull, and terminated his life in the year 380.

And ſeeing great ſufferings has ariſen from this and other inſtances of a faithful endeavour to propagate the written Goſpel; and valuable is the privilege we poſſeſs in our free acceſs to them: ought not gratitude and obedience, as twin ſiſters, to iſſue therefrom? and be manifeſted by a frequent peruſal of, and perſevering attention to, their inſtructive contents.

ENNA.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE GARDENER AND ROSE-TREE.

A FABLE.

By the Reverend Samuel Pearce.

In a sweet spot, which wisdom chose,
Grew an unique and lovely rose;
A flow'r so fair was seldom borne—
A rose almost without a thorn.
Each passing stranger stopp'd to view
A plant possessing charms so new.
"Sweet flow'r!" each lip was heard to say;
Nor less the owner pleas'd than they:
Rear'd by his hand with constant care,
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride,
No flow'r so much admir'd beside.

Nor did the rose unconscious bloom,
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon;
Oft as her guardian came that way,
Whether at dawn, or eve of day,
Expanded wide—her form unveil'd,
She *double fragrance* then exhal'd.

As months roll'd on, the spring appear'd,
Its genial rays the rose matur'd;
Forth from its root a shoot extends—
The parent Rose-tree downwards bends,
And with a joy unknown before,
Contemplates the yet embryo flow'r.

"Offspring most dear," she fondly said,
"Part of myself! beneath my shade,
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold, and bloom in beauty here.
What tho' the lily, or jonquil,
Or hyacinth, no longer fill
The space around me—*all* shall be
Abundantly made up in thee.

What tho' my present charms decay,
And passing strangers no more say
Of me, "*Sweet flower!*" yet thou shalt raise
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise;
And this reverberated pleasure
Shall be to me a world of treasure.
Cheerful I part with former merit,
That it my darling may inherit.
Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
And fill the zephyrs with perfume."

Thus had the Rose-tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken—
The gardener came, and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took,
Took from the soil wherein it grew,
And hid it from the parent's view.

Judge ye, who know a *mother's* cares
For the dear tender babe she bears,
The parent's anguish,—Ye alone
Such sad vicissitudes have known.

Deep was the wound: nor slight the pain,
Which made the Rose-tree thus complain:

"Dear little darling! art thou gone—
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known!
Remov'd so soon!—so suddenly
Snatch'd from my fond maternal eye!
What hast thou done? dear offspring! say,
So *early* to be snatch'd away!
What! gone for *ever!* seen *no more!*
For *ever* I thy loss deplore.
Ye dews descend, with tears supply
My now for ever tearful eye:
Or rather come some *northern blast*,
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.
Whirlwinds arise—my branches tear,
And to some distant region bear,
Far from this spot, a wretched mother,
Whose fruit and joys are gone together."

As thus the anguish'd Rose-tree cry'd,
Her owner near her she espy'd;
Who in these gentle terms reprov'd
A plant, tho' murm'ring, still belov'd.

"Cease, beauteous flow'r, these useless cries,
And let my lessons make thee wise.
Art thou not mine? did not my hand
Transplant thee from the barren sand,
Where once a mean unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want,
Unknown and unadmir'd, I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground;
With studious art improv'd thy form,
Secur'd thee from th' inclement storm,
And thro' the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care?
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
In such an owner—such a spot?
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken.
Know, flow'r belov'd, e'en this affliction
Shall prove to thee a benediction:
Had I not the young plant remov'd,
(So fondly by thy heart belov'd)
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
With gratitude no more be fraught:
—Yea—thy own beauty be at stake,
Surrender'd for thy offspring's sake.

Nor think, that, hidden from thine eyes,
The infant plant *neglected* lies—
No—I've another garden, where
In richer soil, and purer air
It's now transplanted, there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.
Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart;
For 'tis my purpose *thee* to bear
In future time, and plant thee there,
Where thy now absent off-set grows,
And blossoms a celestial Rose.

"Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come,
When thou, and thine shall in new beauties bloom:
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more."

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive Rose,
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows,
Submissive bow'd her unrepining head,
Again her wonted grateful fragrance shed—
Cry'd "thou hast taken only what's thine own,
Therefore, thy will, my lord, not mine, be done."

[*Missionary Mag.*]

From the Philadelphia Medical Museum.

On the inexpediency of erecting Foundling-Hospitals.

(Concluded from our last.)

The causes of mortality, almost necessarily connected with foundling hospitals, are, insufficient and unhealthy nourishment, want of cleanliness, cruelty and inattention of the nurses, confinement, impure air, and want of exercise. But these causes, say the advocates for such hospitals, may be all removed, and the mortality of foundlings reduced as low as that of infants in general. This, however, is merely the speculation of some enthusiastic philanthropists, and never can be realized, unless a nurse can be procured for every child, and some means be found of imparting to her the feelings of a mother. The difficulty of procuring nurses for the hospitals has been always severely felt; three, four, five, or even six children, are often given to one woman to suckle; the whole are consequently starved and shrivelled; and, should one of them be diseased, the whole are soon infected. In England, multitudes of children are brought up on the spoon, but all experiments of that nature in public hospitals have been unsuccessful.

"Who can learn these facts," says Osiander, "and not be wounded to the soul? who think of a foundling hospital without horror? It seems to be the fate of most of these unhappy foundlings, that while humanity endeavours to rescue them from a violent death, it only collects them to protract their miseries at an enormous expense. If we search the records of foundling hospitals, we can hardly suppress the thought that the curse of the Almighty rests upon their walls, and that they are the abode of the destroying angel.

Children murdered here at the public expense,

was inscribed by a satyrist over the gate of such an hospital. Alas! it is almost true. What a preventive of child-murder, to snatch an infant from the knife, and kill it with slow poison; for what else is the milk of these nurses, and the pestilential vapour of these abodes!"

What then are we to think of the influence of foundling hospitals on population? Are we to ascribe to them the preservation of the few who survive, or are we to accuse them of the destruction of the multitudes who perish? Are we to accede to the eulogium pronounced on that of Moscow by Mr. Tooke, "That of all the children hitherto brought up in it, not the hundredth part would have been alive but for that institution; and that consequently, even in times of the greatest mortality, it preserves to the state a very considerable number of young citizens;" or are we to acknowledge the justness of the opposite opinion of Mr. Malthus, "that if the children received into these hospitals had been left to the management of their parents, taking the chance of all the difficulties in which they might be involved, a much greater proportion of them would have reached the age of manhood, and have become useful members of the state."

Wherever the reception is indiscriminate, their effects are pernicious to the morals and happiness of the people, they oppress the industrious by their expense, and they diminish population. The evils they necessarily produce are infinitely worse than those which they are intended to obviate.

Foundling hospitals, by removing in a great measure the fear of these, directly encourage licentiousness, and when pregnancy is the consequence, the infant is almost of course sent to the hospital, and the mother deprived of the best means of atoning for her imprudence, and showing the sincerity of her repentance; means which seldom fail of restoring her reputation, and of ensuring to her, in her old age, the gratitude and protection of the child, whose preservation she accomplished, even at the risk of perpetuating her shame.

But the effects of indiscriminate admission on the morals of the married poor are, perhaps, still more to be dreaded. When we consider the dangers to which the birth of a child exposes the mother, the pains it inflicts, the exertions its maintenance re-

quires from her yet unfeebled frame, the anxiety of mind, numerous inconveniences, deprivations of enjoyment, and augmentation of labour, which, among the lower orders of ſociety, are neceſſarily connected with its continuance in life, we muſt immediately be aware of the danger of diminiſhing the neceſſity of ſubmitting to theſe temporary inconveniences and increaſe of labour. Sir F. Eden, who has inveſtigated the ſituation of the poor with particular attention, obſerves, that "the terror, which poor-houſes and work-houſes create, operates more in preventing grown people from entering them themſelves, than from conſigning the younger part of their family thither. It is perhaps not an unnatural courſe for a mother to abandon her child to the pariſh officers, who, ſhe is aſſured, will provide for it, for ſome years at leaſt, better than ſhe poſſibly could.

Foundling hoſpitals, in this way, tend to looſen the ties between parent and child, the chief ſource of happineſs and virtue among the poor, and by holding forth temptations to the idle and indolent, too powerful for their reſiſtance, ſeduce many of them to deprive themſelves for ever of the greateſt conſolations of their lives, and of the ſupport of their old age and infirmities; the community thus drawing on itſelf the ſupport of the parents as well as of the children. "At every occaſional pinch for food, away goes a child to the hoſpital, and parental affection among the lower ſort turns ſo languid, that many who are in no pinch relieve themſelves of trouble by the ſame means."—And many a one, whoſe laſt moments might have been honoured by the tears of a virtuous family, is left to periſh unheeded in a workhouſe cell. "An occaſional child-murder, from falſe ſhame, is ſaved at a very high price, if it can only be done by the ſacrifice of ſome of the beſt and moſt uſeful feelings of the human heart, in a great part of the nation."

But theſe arguments, it may be ſaid, are merely the opinions of ſpeculative philoſophers: let us then bring them to the teſt of experience. In Peterſburgh, the annual births are about 17,550, of whom 3650 go to the hoſpital. In the diſtrict of Moſcow, the total births may be about 49,629, and in 20 years from the inſtitution of the hoſpital, 37,607 had been admitted into it. In Lyons, in the year 1772,—5320 children were born, of whom 977 were ſent to the foundling hoſpital. In the ſame year, the births at Paris amounted to 18,713, of whom 7676 were abandoned to the hoſpital; and of theſe, Buffon clearly proves that more than one half were legitimate children. It is alſo to be remarked, that there is a conſtant increaſe of the proportion of children deſerted. In Paris, the number of foundlings in 1670, 1680, 1700, 1740, 1749, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 64, 65, 1772, and 1776, was 312, 890, 1740, 3130, 3775, 3785, 3783, 4127, 4329, 4231, 4273, 5560, 5495, 7676, and 6419, reſpectively. In London, in conſequence of the indiſcriminate admiſſion of children not exceeding two months being ſanctioned, "on the 2d of June, 1756, the firſt day of general reception, 117 children were received. From that time to the 31ſt December, 1757, 5510 children were admitted into the hoſpital;" and the admiſſion would probably, according to Sir F. Eden, have ſoon conſiſted of half the children born within 100 miles of the metropolis, but for the act of 1760.

Theſe facts indiſputably prove, that foundling hoſpitals increaſe the number of deſerted children; and as the mortality among foundlings is greater than among other children, we cannot refuſe our aſſent to the poſition of Mr. Malthus, that "if a perſon wiſhed to check population, and were not ſolicitous about the means, he could not propoſe a more effectual meaſure than the eſtabliſhment of a ſufficient number of foundling hoſpitals, unlimited in their reception of children."* Of thoſe who ſurvive the hardſhips to which they are expoſed in ſuch places, the greater part are incapable, from bodily infirmity, to ſupport themſelves; and, with regard to their morals, Arthur Young has obſerved, that "foundling hoſpitals encourage that vicious ſpecies of procreation which does not deſerve the name of population; that the encouragement afforded by foundling hoſpitals is an encouragement of vice and inhumanity, and a public premium given to the baniſhment of the beſt feelings of humanity."

Another ſerious evil to be adverted to is, that, after they have been found by experience to be injurious, it is extremely difficult to put a ſtop to the evils they have introduced. The habit of deſerting children, having been once allowed, is ſlowly renounced by thoſe whoſe morals it corrupted, and whoſe induſtry it has ſuppreſſed. On the 9th of February, 1760, a committee of the Houſe of Commons, appointed to inquire into the effect of the indiſcriminate admiſſion of foundlings,

"Reſolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the general admiſſion of all children indiſcriminately, under a certain age, into the hoſpital for the maintenance and education of expoſed and deſerted young children, to be maintained there at the public expenſe, has been attended with many evil conſequences, and ought to be prevented.

"Reſolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that no children ſhould be received into the hoſpital for the maintenance and education of deſerted young children after 25th March next, to be maintained there at the public expenſe."

There were at this time above 6000 children on the eſtabliſhment, almoſt all of them under five years of age; and, notwithſtanding the ſtrong reſolutions of the Commons, "ſix years paſſed before the number was reduced ſo low as 4300; and it was not till after the year 1769, that, by apprenticing all who could be placed out, they were reduced below 1000."

If the facts and arguments already adduced be at all concluſive with regard to the injurious effects of foundling hoſpitals on the population and the morals of the people, it may appear ſuperfluous to have recourſe to any financial argument; but probably few of the advocates for foundling hoſpitals are at all aware of their numerous expenditure, or how many extenſive and unequivocally uſeful charities it would be ſufficient to ſupport.

The foundling hoſpital at London, from its commencement to December, 1757, placed out only 105 perſons to do for themſelves, in return for an expenſe of 166,000*l.* being 1571*l.* each perſon! In 1760 it required an income of above 45,000*l.* for its ſupport; and its total expenſe for the ten years preceding 1770 could not be leſs than 525,000*l.* of which 495,000*l.* were granted by Parliament. In 1753 its income was only 1050*l.* and its expenſes 5000*l.* Beſides a tax of 1s. 4d. a pound on the rent of houſes in Dublin, the Iriſh Parliament has at different times granted 158,696*l.* towards the payment of the debts of the foundling hoſpital in Dublin. From a foundling hoſpital in a reſpectable German principality, after twenty years perſeverance, only one foundling reached the years of manhood, at an expenſe to the ſtate of 20,000 dollars;

* It muſt, however, be remarked, that foundling-hoſpitals only diminiſh the actual population *directly*, by increaſing the comparative mortality of the children who are born; *indirectly*, they probably tend to augment the actual population by removing one of its greateſt checks, the care of providing for our offſpring. But this view of the ſubject is the moſt fatal of any to the opinions of thoſe who think foundling hoſpitals deſerving of ſupport, as a means of preventing child-murder; for, in this way, they operate upon the ſame principle as the permiſſion of child-murder, from which it only differs in the enormous expenſe, and protracted cruelty with which they are attended.

greater ſum, ſays Girtanner, than would have been ſufficient for the education of its hereditary prince. The current expenſes of the Peterſburgh hoſpital are, according to Malthus, 150,000*l.* annually.

From this inquiry it evidently appears, that foundling hoſpitals are hurtful in every point of view, whether we conſider their effects on the morals, population, or expenditure of the ſtate; and that, whatever objections may exiſt to the abolition of thoſe already eſtabliſhed, the Legiſlature, conſiſtently with their reſolutions of 1760, ought not to permit oſtentatious or miſtaken charity to introduce into any part of theſe kingdoms an evil of ſuch magnitude.

Education of the Mexican youth.

(From Clavigero's History of Mexico)

The education of youth, which is the chief ſupport of a ſtate, and which beſt unfolds the character of every nation, was amongſt the Mexicans of ſo judicious a nature, as to be of itſelf ſufficient to retort the ſupercilious contempt of certain critics upon themſelves, who believe the empire of reaſon to be circumſcribed to the boundaries of Europe. In whatever we ſay on this ſubject, we ſhall be guided by the paintings of thoſe nations, and their beſt informed Hiſtorians.

Nothing, ſays F. Acoſta, has ſurprized me more, or appeared more worthy of memory and praiſe, than the care and method which the Mexicans obſerved in the tuition of youth. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a nation that has beſtowed more attention on a point ſo important to every ſtate. It is true, they mixed ſuperſtition with their precepts; but the zeal they manifeſted for the education of their children, upbraids the negligence of our modern fathers of families; and many of the leſſons which they taught to their youth might ſerve as inſtruction to ours.—All the Mexican children, even thoſe of the royal family, were ſuckled by their own parents. If the mother was prevented from doing this by ſickneſs, ſhe did not employ a nurſe till ſhe was well informed both of her condition in life, and the quality of her milk. They were accuſtomed from infancy to endure hunger, heat and cold. When they attained five years of age, they were either conſigned to the prieſts; in order that they might be brought up in the ſeminaries, which was the general practice with the children of nobles, and even with thoſe of the kings themſelves; but if they were to be educated at home, their parents began at that period to inſtruct them in the worſhip of their gods, and to teach them the forms by which they were to pray and implore their protection. They were led frequently to the temple, that they might become attached to Religion. An abhorrence of vice, a modeſty of behaviour, reſpect to ſuperiors, and love of fatigue, were ſtrongly inculcated. They were even made to ſleep upon a mat; and were given no more food than the neceſſities of life required, nor any other cloathing than that which decency demanded. When they were arrived at a certain age, they were inſtructed in the uſe of arms, and if their parents belonged to the army, they were led to the wars along with them, that they might learn the military art, and to baniſh fear from their minds, by habituating themſelves to danger. If their parents were huſbandmen, or artiſts, they taught their children their own profeſſion. Girls were learned to ſpin and weave, and obliged to bathe frequently, that they might be always healthy and cleanly, and the univerſal maxim was to keep the youth of both ſexes conſtantly employed.

One of the precepts moſt warmly inculcated to youth was, truth in their words; and whenever a lie was detected, the lip of the delinquent was pricked with the thorns of the aloe. They tied the feet of girls who were too fond of walking abroad.—The ſon, who was disobedient or quarrelſome, was beat with nettles, or received puniſhment in ſome other manner proportioned, according to their judgment, with the fault he had committed.

LEGAL BREVITY.

The following is ſtated to have been part of the maiden ſpeech of a Scotch counſellor, at a late Circuit Court (i. e. aſſizes) in a certain northern county:—

Gentlemen of the jury, there is a ſet of men in this world of ſuch a tedious, tireſome, troubleſome, and talkative diſpoſition, habitude, and temper, that they ſtupify and entangle, confound, perplex, and diſmay, every circumſtance in every cauſe, which they undertake to defend, protect, or juſtify. When we expect deciſion, ſatisfaction, or conviction, we meet with nothing but dubiety, uncertainty, and difficulty. Inſtead of coming to the point, matter, and buſineſs of debate, ſlap daſh, conciſely, and at once, they deviate, vary, waver, and fly off therefrom. This, gentlemen, I humbly think, preſume, ſurmiſe, and imagine, is owing to tediouſneſs and prolixity, the nature, genius, and extent whereof I ſhall endeavour to examine, expound, expaciate, ſcrutinize, and promulgate—Cetera deſunt.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

The diſpenſations of Providence in giving proſperity to the wicked, and diſtreſs to the virtuous, though by ſome reckoned irregular and unaccountable, yet on a nearer view we ſhall find that appearances are fallacious, and that thoſe who are accounted the moſt happy are commonly the moſt miſerable. A wretch, ſays De la Motte in a fable, who by caſting his eyes and wiſhes on the circumſtances of others, had grown uneaſy with his own: wearied heaven with his complaints; *Jupiter*, to content him, took him up to his ſtorehouſe, where the fortunes of mankind were ſealed up in bags, and bid him chooſe among them all. The man with all his ſtrength lifted up the firſt, that of ſupreme command, in which were concealed tormenting cares, but could not ſupport the burden. He tryed a ſecond and a third, but they were all too ponderous for his ſhoulders. At laſt he lays hold of one lighter than the reſt, and deſired he might have that. Take it, ſays *Jupiter*, and enjoy it, for indeed its thy own, and learn from hence never to complain of Providence.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

The arguments againſt pride drawn ſo frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumſtances, and cataſtrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and inſignificant. Man is not proud as a ſpecies, but as an individual; not, as comparing himſelf with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableneſs, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own perſons.

It is happy enough that the ſame vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our conſtitution, that the one may not ſurvive the other.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*Munich, January* 4.—Inſtead of Trieſte, Auſtria is now to obtain ſome of the Debouches of the Black Sea. A ſtrong corps of French troops has been detached to Dalmatia.

Some people report that Napoleon has preſented the King of Bavaria with the ſword which he wore in the battle of Auſterlitz.

January 8.—The Archduke Charles, and M. Traſsbender, are ſaid to be in great activity.—The change in the Auſtrian Adminiſtration took place the day before the ſigning of the treaty of peace. Count Colloredo is to receive, according to ſome accounts, a conſiderable penſion.

According to ſome information, Auſtria is to be indemnified by Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia.

The mitigation of the contributions impoſed by the French, is ſaid to be owing to the mediation of the Archduke Charles.

It was reported at Nantz, the 21ſt ult. when the Richmond ſailed, that ſeveral attempts had been made to aſſaſſinate Bonaparte; and that ſeveral ladies of high rank, had been arreſted on ſuſpicion of being concerned in the attempt.

Mr Pitt, who has for many years devoted himſelf to his country's ſervice, and obſerved a rigid economy in his domeſtic affairs, died £56,000 ſterling in debt.

We have ſeen ſeveral letters from London, by the Packet. They mention that no condemnations of American property had been made for many weeks previous.—Mr Munroe was to have had an audience with Mr. Fox, on American affairs, the 9th February. It was expected that no further detentions would take place. The New-York and other memorials on the ſubject of neutral commerce, had been publiſhed there.—Much attention had been paid to American reaſonings and arguments on the ſubject; but the vapid bluſtering which ſome of the Members of Congreſs have indulged themſelves in, were only laughed at. [*Boſton Centinel.*

Bavaria, it is ſaid, is to receive a fifth part of the contributions laid upon the Auſtrian provinces, as well as of the artillery.

London, Jan. 30.—We learn by the Meduſa in 87 days from Bengal, that the Narciſſus frigate which ſailed from Ireland with the expedition under Sir Home Popham, had been at St. Helena, and had ſailed again to join Sir Home, who was ſuppoſed to be deſtined againſt the Cape.

The Ruſſian official account of the battle of Auſterlitz has been circulated in Germany, which differs widely from the French ſtatement. It appears from this document, that the Ruſſian army on the 2d ult. conſiſted of only 50,000 men, and that the Auſtrians, chiefly new levies, were not above half that number. The French army is ſtated to have had from 15,000 to 20,000 more men in conſequence of Bernadotte having joined the day before the battle.—The ridiculous ſtory of ſeveral thouſand Ruſſians having been drowned appears to have been an utter falſehood. The total loſs of the Ruſſians is eſtimated at not more than ten thouſand men, whilſt that of the French is ſuppoſed to have been at leaſt as great. The French after the battle of Auſterlitz, did not attempt to purſue the retreating army, but on the following day they attacked the Ruſſian rear guard in the neighbourhood of Uheſchutz; but after a partial action, which laſted to the cloſe of the day, they were obliged to relinquiſh their object. It is alſo poſitively ſtated, that the Ruſſian Imperial guards did not loſe their colours, but, on the contrary, took the ſtandard of one of the French regiments of infantry. There is no doubt that the Emperor Alexander was highly diſſatisfied with his Imperial brother of Auſtria, whoſe conduct in ſubmitting to French dictation at the very moment when a favourable turn might have been given to his affairs, can never be ſufficiently lamented. The Archduke Charles is alſo ſtated to have openly expreſſed his diſapprobation of the conduct of his brother, for whom, however, the preſence of himſelf and his army probably obtained better terms than would otherwiſe have been granted.

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DOMESTIC.

Appointment by the Preſident of the U. States.

Hugh Lennox, Eſq. of Philadelphia, Agent from the United States to the Iſland of Jamaica.

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Appointment by the Governor of Pennſylvania.

Sallows Shewell, Eſq. Superintendant of the State Magazine for the ſtoring of Gunpowder, in the room of General Procter, deceaſed.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—On Friday laſt, while the Houſe was ſitting with cloſed doors [on a motion made by D. R. Williams, for diſcloſing the buſineſs of the fortnight's cloſed doors, relative to the *ſecond* purchaſe of a part of Spaniſh Territory.] Mr. Randolph expreſſed his total want of confidence in the Secretary of State; and ſaid he would this day in open Houſe, bring forward the grounds of his conviction. This day the galleries and lobby were filled with an expectation of hearing him. He came into the Houſe, and was ready with his documents, but other buſineſs was ſo aſſiduouſly called up that he could not obtain a hearing. It is expected that he will *come out* to morrow.

The doors were cloſed a ſhort time this day: a meſſage was received from the Preſident, ſtating that he had received diſpatches from Mr. Munroe, the ſubſtance of which may be expreſſed in the form of a letter, viz.

James Munroe, to Thomas Jefferſon.

"The meſſage you delivered at the opening of the ſeſſion has had a wonderful effect here; it ſeemed to be ſo *ſpunky*, that they have here thought you in earneſt; and Mr. Pitt and others of the adminiſtration had begun to take ſome notice of me. Mr. Pitt however died one day; and the preſent adminiſtration, compoſed of all parties, and diſpirited by the movements on the continent, ſeem diſpoſed to accommodate matters, and treat me as if I were fit to be an Ambaſſador from a great and free people."

Yours, J. MUNROE.

As all this was with cloſed doors, I am not at liberty to give you particulars.

March 22.—*Congreſs.*—Yeſterday the bill for erecting a BRIDGE over the Potomac paſſed the Houſe by a majority of 9. Mr. Clark of Virginia, moved for the appointment of a committee to examine into the conduct of the Poſt maſter General. Mr. Clark mentioned ſuſpicions of bribing members of Congreſs, corrupting the editor of a newſpaper, &c. &c. A committee of 7 was appointed. At two o'clock the doors of the Houſe were cloſed; for what purpoſe we pretend not to ſay, but if allowed to conjecture, we ſhould ſuſpect that a member from S. C. moved to let the Cat out of the bag relative to the cloſed door *ſecond* purchaſe of Louiſiana; and that a majority of about ſomewhere between 10 and 12 objected to it at preſent.

We do not think it probable that Mr. Nicholſon's reſolution will be carried through both houſes. [*Waſh. Fed.*]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRUDELIA has merit, but, in her it is ungenerous to make Old maids the butt of ridicule; and even if they would pardon it, we think ourſelves too gallant to give publicity to ſuch ſevere ſtrictures on the fair.

O. L.'s piece is objected to, only, becauſe political diſcuſſions do not come within the plan laid down for the Evening Fire ſide. On other ſubjects, he need not doubt of a welcome reception.

Satire to be acceptable, ſhould be pointed. S—— S—— is too dull.

We acknowledge the receipt of S. I. T.'s favours; the one on *Gaming* we believe is a ſelection; the other, written by a *boy* of 10 years of age, is quite too *boyiſh* for inſertion.

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